# THOUGHTS

AT

# WHITSUNTIDE.

BY

LORD LEIGH.



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# THOUGHTS AT WHITSUNTIDE,

And other Poems.

BY

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LORD LEIGH.

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### CONTENTS.

								PAGE
THOUGHTS AT WHITSUNTIDE								I
A VISION (ALLEGORICAL)								21
CENTRALISATION								37
WHAT IS TASTE?								47
WHAT IS SENTIMENT ?								57
WHAT IS TRUTH!								71
THE MILLENNIUM				٠				87
NAPOLEON								91
"SINCE FIRST 1 GAZED UPO	N	THI	S	PLAI	N 2 2	4		99
THE PURCE BAY OF CRRING								100

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## THOUGHTS AT WHITSUNTIDE.

1841.

" Sermons in Stones, and good in every thing."

SHAKSPERE.



### THOUGHTS AT WHITSUNTIDE.

An all-pervading Beauty, if you will

Love eall it, roscate smiles o'er dale and hill.

Lo! what a stream of light the heavens outpour,

As with a glory-robe earth mantling o'er.

Each passing gale, a still small voice from heaven,

Whispers to man promise of sin forgiven.

For every dew-drop glistening in the light,

There glows an infant spirit pure and bright.

With flowers numberless the banks are rife;

So gay, they seem to brighten into life.

When May appears with all her charms as now, The meanest hearts expand, the coldest glowE'en sorrow smiles—to homage May, her queen,
The earth profusely gay with flowers is seen.
The venerable oaks, as if in scorn
Of time, renew their green age though time-worn;
Still throwing out their foliage green in spring,
As virtues in old age are blossoming.
Oh! Nature, how prevailing is thy power!
The veriest drudge with pride beholds his flower.

In all their full-blown grandeur reappear
The woods, as gorgeous Summer draweth near.
As proud, but not as beautiful, the dame,
Last Summer's glory, still would homage claim;
Such is of fashion the transmuting power,
The weed in Autumn is a Summer flower.

O sick'ning adulation of the great,

As if this faded thing could conquer fate!

Suspend the laws of nature at her will,

And, a time-wrinkled dame, be Hebe still!

She will around unfledged patricians draw
Her circle, force them to obey her law,
To turn from Beauty, radiant as the morn,
But not in her collateral sphere, with scorn;
And since in her exclusive taste is seen,
She is in spite of years an evergreen.

As the fresh flowers that in our garden bloom Lose all they have of freshness in a room,

Thus the vain child of fortune spoil'd in town Loses all generous worth in boyhood shown:

He knows not that a supercilious gaze

A weak heart and a narrow mind betrays:

The creeping insect fancies that he soars,

When he, a noble idol, self adores.

The fool a double character affects;

That which he courts abroad, at home neglects.

Gratitude, fashion has her moral code,

Is not indeed a virtue à la mode.

But triflers such as these need not engage

Our thoughts, not worthy e'en of satire's page.

If by some chance a wealth-encumber'd Peer (Accumulating gold year after year)

To starving operatives gives fifty pounds,

The world with pæans to his praise resounds:

The journal teems with comments on his worth,

So naturally allied to noble birth!

Will he to aid the poor relinquish toys

Superfluous he possesses, not enjoys?

Or will he give, when pitying distress,

To high-born Beauty's stores one diamond less?

The mite by self-denying virtue given

Fructifies into countless wealth in heaven.

O happy great, whate'er to do you choose,

Your movements all are chronicled as news.

Touch'd by the press, your banquets and your

balls

Swell into more than orient festivals!

Each fête is splendid as the sun at noon,

Each room a most magnificent saloon.

Around you are illusions thrown to hide

You from yourselves, and gratify your pride.

The restless spirit Claudius, tired of Town,

To Brighton flies, a change important, down;

To trifle, as he can, his hours away,

Or in pursuit of pleasure, or of play.

This great event, that country-cousins read,

Is posted through the land with railway speed.

So trumpet-tongued the feats of Claudius seem;

They claim attention like a Premier's scheme.

To gain, no matter how to gain, a name,

All burn—resistless are the charms of fame:

And each in his vocation strives to win her

Smiles with a "splendid speech," or "sumptuous dinner."

Thus to the sun, while eaglets view his blaze

Unblench'd, the peacock proud his fan displays.

But nests that topmost boughs of cedars crown,
When visited by winds may topple down \*.

They are dismiss'd scarce noticed to the grave,
Whose acts, when living, fashion's journal gave:
Their sons, with flattery's grateful sweets perfumed,
Sparkle in fashion's annals, till inhumed.

Fast as light shadows o'er the meadow sweep,

Come, go, frail fashion's train, love, laugh, and weep;

Our aëry buildeth in the cedar's top, And dallies with the winds, and scorns the sun. Shakspere, Richard III., Act 1, Scene 4. Now glittering like wavelets that reflect
The sun, anon o'erdarken'd by neglect;
Radiant to-day, 'mid scenes no care has gloom'd,
To solitudes unsought, to-morrow doom'd.
Thus roseate splendours heralding the morn,
Precede black pageants, ominous, sky-born.

Though minds of mighty statesmen cannot reach
The height of "argument" that women teach,
(Errors transmissive are from sire to son
Like heir-looms, e'en when Truth her cause has won)
Yet social men a clearer view will take
Of their own interests, and to truth awake;
And their auxiliar energies unite,
So to illume, that all may see the right;
When truths, that clamorous prejudice has chased
Away, return to be as truths embraced;
And independent genius, when it turns
Truthward, to free the soul from thraldom burns.

Like formalists the well-rank'd poplars stand,
But oaks throw out their branches wildly grand,
And million-leaved—thus, though irregular
Genius may be, its products splendid are.
Thus swoln streams, bursting o'er with wild turmoil
Their banks, enrich while they invade the soil.

Boast not self-love, man is to man akin,

The worst some virtues have, the best may sin.

All spiritual good in man revere,

As intimations of Heaven's presence here.

Trustful we are that virtue will increase

With knowledge, not indeed that crime will cease!

Capacities for good, that none can see,

Latent in wayward spirits yet may be;

Evoked by art of a discerning mind,

They must spring forth to benefit mankind:

As wild phenomena in nature may Be brought by skill utility t' obey; And energies, else wasted, misapplied, Knowledge will now enlist on virtue's side. Gather the fragments up that nought be lost-Mind may regain its course though tempest-tost. Thus through the moral atmosphere diffused, Float qualities that may be fix'd and used. E'en in an erring brother's downcast eye Pure rays of hope the Christian may descry; These Charity will more and more essay To show, as skill the gem's most hidden ray, When from that gem, of value great, though clouded, Sparklets reveal the worth within it shrouded. One generous feeling by a worldling shown, Encouraged, keeps opposing vices down: One noble thought express'd, or on the stage, Or in the senate, dignifies the age.

As different flowers in sweet communion thrive,
From the same solar orb their strength derive;
Thus noble souls from the same Heaven have caught
Their lustre, each with different hues of thought;
All beautiful, but not with equal charms,
All Heaven's invigorating influence warms.
The impress they of their Creator bear,
As flowerets like the stars in form appear.

Each fresh discovery opens to their view,

Like light shot through the glade, more wonders

new.

Others, these grown familiar, are unroll'd,
As further vistas woodland walks unfold.
And principles are understood, and clear
As skies to-day, the grounds of truth appear.
Gilt clouds of sophistry away have past,
Erst o'er them by the muse historic cast:

'Tis thus, gay parasites that cling around Columnar shafts, to weaken them are found.

As various streamlets toward you river glide; There to roll on, one broad and mighty tide; Thus consentaneously in order move Onward, truth, science, piety, and love; Their glorious object is the good of man, Progressive, on an ever-widening plan: For that the heart is beating, works the mind, Intelligence, affection, both combined. Virtue and knowledge on religion based Tower like twin-oaks, sky-pointing, interlaced; And from above, 'tis nature's general law, An ever-quickening energy they draw. And pure Religion to Philosophy A pillar luminous, a guide may be: No priests vindictive now a sanguine cloud Around her raise; and captive lead the crowd. The truths from Heaven each rising art attests,
As now increase of verdure each invests;
Thus Chalmers' blaze of genius far display'd
Illumines gospel-truths by Herschell's aid.
On the Geologist's labour, as on mines
Reveal'd the sun's, the light of Scripture shines.
As after vernal showers the plants apace
Flush into beauty, thus the dews of grace
On young hearts falling, bid them above earth
Rise, and put forth their spiritual worth:
Such the celestial light, that will endure
When suns shall perish, visits to mature.

A more than light supernal soon shall glow On Zion's hill, Seers hail its advent now. Soon every shade of error driven down, Truth in her visible glory Faith shall crown. While pure devotion shall awake the lyre

Again, the Church be perfect and entire;

As you green tree, o'er which the sunlight flows,

Shows on all sides luxuriant wealth of boughs.

The sacred muse to heaven ascending sings,

"Up-borne on indefatigable wings."

O'er hearts renew'd the Holy Spirit broods,
Dove-like, like calm intense o'er yonder woods;
And as anon the woods are gently stirr'd,
Its sacred influences are felt and heard.
The soul's emotions more and more shall be
Heighten'd, to an indefinite degree;
When, casting off their elements inert,
They will their sovereignty o'er mind assert.
They will through eyeles new of ages live,
Accretions new of bliss receive, and give;

They will, emaning from a purer ray

Celestial, powers of intellect o'crsway:

With co-eternal strength, from joy to joy

Progressing, (still for action fresh employ,)

They will for exercise have ample scope,

Certain of bliss, yet buoyant as with hope.

They with continuous energy from height

To height will rise, increasing in their might;

Thus now through light and heat the plant each hour

Shoots up, with ampler charms expands the flower.

NOTES.



### NOTES

TO

### THOUGHTS AT WHITSUNTIDE.

P. 13, lines 13, 14.

And from above, 'tis nature's general law, An ever-quickening energy they draw.

See Liebig's "Organic Chemistry," p. 16, (Playfair's translation).

### P. 14, line 1.

The truths from Heaven each rising art attests.

"And in this manner, divine truth, while it hath made the substance of religion sure and immutable, hath yet in a manner tied its evidence to the restless wheel of man's endeavour, and mingled them with the other motives of his impelling desires; that so every step made in the prosecution of sound study and humble inquiry may give them also a new advance, and varied position; on which the reflecting

mind may dwell with surpassing admiration."—Wiseman's Lectures on Connexion between Science and revealed Religion, vol ii. page 142.

### P 15, lines 11, 12.

The soul's emotions more and more shall be Heighten'd.

"The affections of the Spirit, and their power of intimate Communion with the Infinite Spirit, not only raise the mind immeasurably above the level of the visible world, and carry it clear of the fate of that world; but raise it even above the range of the merely intellectual faculties, so that a state may be conceived far better and higher than that of the highest exercise of reason."—Physical Theory of another World, page 293.





### A VISION.

(ALLEGORICAL.)

-----

Numberless, bright'ning o'er a river clear,
Winnowing the air unruffled; din of wars
They know not, nor approaching tempests fear;
But endless songs of joy and triumph hear.
And each, distinctly beautiful, at will
In various hues, as fancy prompts, appear;
Gay as the flowers that with their fragrance fill,
Above the sun-bright stream, the air so mild, so still.

п.

Action, with them, swift follows thought, and thought
Is almost intuition; and awake
Their senses are, with strength co-equal fraught,
All in one instant: thus the orbed lake
Reflects gilt clouds, green mountains, bush and brake:
And, as phenomena magnetic change
Their forms, still varying with the hues they take,
They through the light-impurpled ether range,
Glittering like blazonry of arms, rich in devices
strange.

III.

The river windeth on through vales immense,
Where "myriad-minded" beings ever reap
Harvests of knowledge, with delight intense;
These in their memories they treasured keep:
(Not, such as ours is, an ill-sorted heap),

And love in them, entire affection, dwells;

While zeal benevolent, that ne'er will sleep,

Their energy of intercourse impels:

Though vast their wisdom is, their virtue that excels.

IV.

Fast interchange of virtues, knowledge, powers,

(For by communion only joys increase)

Is theirs; idlesse our energies devours,

Their rapid interactions never cease;

That, which we toil to grasp, they win with ease.

And, as at rest a quick-revolving wheel

Appears when lit by flash of lightning, these

Bright beings of repose the strength reveal,

As with excess of ardour burns their vivid zeal.

v.

The stream rolls on o'er rubies, sapphires, stones
Of wond'rous virtue, of which e'en the least

Had been the richest gems of orient thrones,
Or goblets at the proud Belshazzar's feast,
Collective wealth of the exhaustless East:
Then darkling, on it flows, through forest-shades
That harbour the plumed gryphon, mystic beast;
That world of verdure no rude thing invades,
But nature's loveliest works are seen in all their grades.

VI.

A thousand thousand milk-white unicorns

There rove, fair types of virtue join'd to grace

And independent strength; of gold their horns

Shine through the glades, as comets flame through space,

And golden-hoof'd they are, this glorious race.

Through forest-depths, sportive as virgins full

Of life and joy, gazelles each other chase;

Their beautiful movements to behold, e'en dull

Spirits would happy be, and garlands for them cull.

VII.

These emblem innocence that fears not ill,

And gaiety, from trust in Heaven that springs:
But there are other creatures fairer still,

Now here, now there, careering; beauteous things,

With eyes like living sapphires in their wings;
Such to the Sage of Patmos in his dream

Sublime appear'd before the "King of Kings;"

Types of augelic natures that supreme

Are, for the sun of suns on them pours forth his beam,

VIII.

Ever-green trees I saw with fruit of gold,

For ages have they lived, yet undecay'd

And undecaying, ever young though old:

Unlike the upas-tree, beneath whose shade

Pernicious all that blooms must quickly fade,

And sicken living things, they vigour give
Unwonted to the wights that seek the aid
Of their life-giving branches, all to live
Not as here dreamy man to vegetate, revive.

IX.

These signify the mighty power of faith

That renovates the mind by sin unstrung:

Omnipotent to save, the Gospel saith,

Is faith; the golden fruit, on branches hung,

Typify virtues that from faith have sprung.

Far, far above the forest's verdurous mass,

Resembling that of which great Dante sung,

Eagles, as many-colour'd globes of glass

Glitter in sunlight, brighten, stellar lights surpass.

х.

Emblems of highest wisdom, that perceives
All the relations of all worlds, the chain

Of causes and effects that nature weaves,

All truths that unevolved in one remain,

Like future harvests in a single grain,

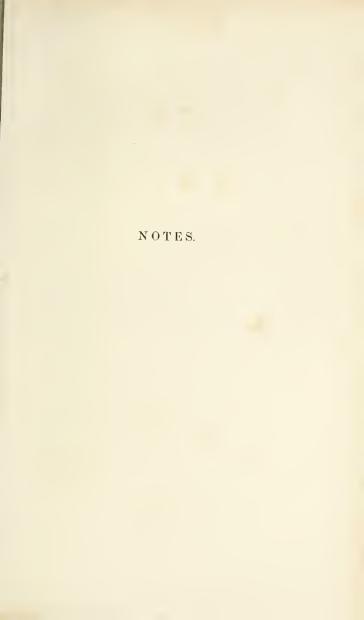
These eagles are:—in depths yet deep'ning lies,

More wonderful than aught Romance can feign,

A vast succession of realities:

A miracle is earth—with wonders teem the skies!







### NOTES TO A VISION.

(ALLEGORICAL.)

S. 3, line 2.

Where "myriad-minded" Beings ever reap.

"Myriad-minded" is the noble epithet Coleridge applies to Shakspere. No other human being deserves it, and probably no other human being ever will.

S. 4, lines 6, 7.

And, as at rest a quick-revolving wheel Appears, when lit by flash of lightning.

The velocity of Electricity is so great, that the most rapid motion that can be produced by art appears to be actual rest when compared with it. A wheel revolving with celerity sufficient to render its spokes invisible, when illuminated by a flash of lightning is seen for an instant, with all its spokes distinct, as if it were in a state of absolute repose.—Somerville's Connection of the Sciences, page 313.

#### S. 9, line 7.

Resembling that of which great Dante sung.

E quietata ciascuna in suo loco La testa e 'l collo d' un' aquila vidi Rappresentare a quel distinto foco. Dante del Paradiso, Canto 18

"Where," says Jeremy Taylor, at the close of his magnificent 'Sermon preached to the University of Dublin," "Where is Ignatius, in whom God dwelt? Where is Dionysius the Areopagite, that bird of Paradise, that celestial Eagle?"—Taylor's Works, vol. vi. page 407. Heber's edition.

#### S. 10, line 2.

All truths that unevolved in one remain.

There may be created powers of some high order, as we know that there is one Eternal Power, able to feel in a single comprehensive thought all those truths of which the generations of mankind are able, by successive analysis, to discover only a few, that are perhaps to the great truths which they contain, only as the flower that is blossoming before us is to that infinity of future blossoms enveloped in it, with which, in ever renovated beauty, it is to adorn the summers of other ages."—Brown's Philosophy of the Human Mind, vol. ii. p. 513.

#### S. 10, lines 6-8.

In depths yet deep'ning lies,
More wonderful than aught Romance can feign,
A vast succession of realities.

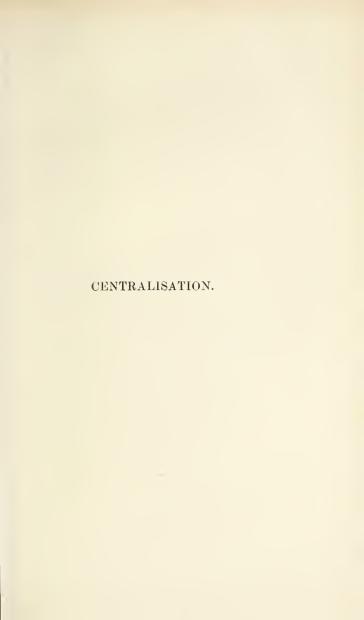
"When we see such magnificent bodies united in pairs (revolving double stars), undoubtedly by the same bond of mutual gravitation which holds together our own system, and sweeping over their enormous orbits, in periods comprehending many centuries, we admit at once that they must be accomplishing ends in creation which will remain for ever unknown to man; and that we have attained a point in science where the human intellect is compelled to acknowledge its weakness, and to feel that no conception the wildest imagination can form will bear the least comparison with the intrinsic greatness of the subject."—Herschell's Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy.

"All the Systems of Worlds, judging from analogy, have probably a great common centre round which they revolve as the planets round the sun.

"The centre of the immeasurable universe we may conceive to be the most perfect scene of material existence, unspeakably exceeding in grandeur and beauty, anything that we can represent to ourselves in this our dark abode."—

Sheppard.

"And man now appears on a small planet almost imperceptible in the vast extent of the Solar System, itself only an insensible point in the immensity of space!"—Laplace's System of the World, vol. ii. p. 342. Hart's Translation.





## CENTRALISATION.

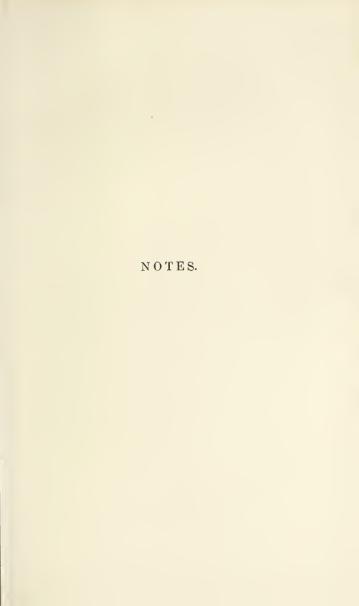
"Partout l'état arrive de plus en plus à diriger par luimême, les moindres citoyens, et à conduire seul chacun d'eux dans les moindres affaires." — De la Démocratie en Amérique. Tocqueville, tome iv. p. 287.

Where is man's boasted self-reliance? gone,—
He cannot walk in his own paths alone!
And central governments around him draw
Their thousand chains, he is begirt by law:
The Despot, sole or aggregate, his will
Directs, a mere machine for good or ill.
An all-pervading Power affects the Jove,
O'er-ruling social movements from above!

While men like children are, who deem their might, And not the boatman's, makes the bark go right. Through labyrinthine course of life's details, The state its pupil guides—through fear he fails. So much have public agencies engrost, That individual energy is lost: And regulating spirits are so mild, That man with them must ever be a child. Corporate bodies slumber on content, Mock'd with the semblance of self-government: Ambitious subjects of a state or king Are emulous to pull the puppets' string. The State-Arachne lengthens out her net To draw towards her all that she can get. This net-work of constraining kindness spread Around the great and small, no statesmen dread, Though Power expands his wings, and men become Of their free-will curtail'd, abroad, at home.

Those who should be self-radiant, borrow'd light From others seek, their own extinguish'd quite. A tutelary Angel, to protect Those who their own self-interests neglect, The Fay commission girdles with her zone All ranks, conditions, none escape, not one! Though the machine is, when state-guided, found Perfect as clock-work, beautifully round, No vital strength to that of life akin Supports the social union, acts within. The mightiest intellect is but the thrall Of Briarean power, that reaches all With his forthgoing arms, as from the sun Toward several objects rays diffusive run. Absolute order moves, how unlike zeal, In one dull circle round the social wheel; From centre to circumference is felt His fiat, e'en where independence dwelt.

While little arts are prized, and things that are
Valueless, men esteem as rich and rare.
King-craft, to liberalise the world, employs
Obedient science in pursuit of toys:
To calculate the numerous arteries
That go to form an insect's wing, or eyes,
Conclusive, as the writings on outworn
Themes seem to be, on currency or corn.
To thought prescribes the state, that primal source
Of education, its allotted course!





### NOTES

TO

### CENTRALISATION.

P. 42, line 5,

To calculate the numerous arteries.

See Macculloch's "Attributes of God," vol. ii. page 158. In his observations on the Eyes of the Drone and the Dragonfly, he says: "There is a spheroidal hollow shell perforated by holes which amount to 7000 in the former insect, and upwards of 12,000 in the latter, mathematically true, and each of them containing a cornea, or a lens. If we look at the precision of the workmanship, the number of the parts, the difference of the materials, it is fruitless to attempt conjecturing where the arteries that produced all these things could exist, producing them also point by point. How many were required for each hexagonal opening alone? and yet how few were there out of all that must have existed to produce the

retinæ for each with that interior complicated structure which I need not here describe, and that nervous branch which terminates in each retina."

#### P. 42, lines 7, 8.

Conclusive, as the writings on outworn Themes seem to be, on eurrency or corn.

Those who have read the several works "on Currency and Corn," that have been written by numerous authors, from Smith to Tooke, have probably found in the "multitude of counsellors," not wisdom but confusion. Great authorities are opposed to each other, and are often at variance with themselves. Yet on these nice and difficult questions of political economy much angry feeling has been excited, and men who maintain certain opinions are often accused by their opponents of being influenced by interested, or factious motives in maintaining them.





# WHAT IS TASTE?

Taste, like the silent dial's power,

That when supernal light is given,

Can measure inspiration's hour,

And tell its height in heaven,—Campbell.

Taste in harmonious adaptation shines,
Grandeur with grandeur, grace with grace combines;
And in a cottage may her judgment show,
Distinctive, as at Blenheim or at Stowe.
At noon-day gaudy birds are on the wing,
At eve the russet nightingales will sing,
And Taste adores, as Lights for every age,
While man is man, our Fielding, or Le Sage.

Let pleasure-gardens, rustic fence, enclose

The rose, it is the Queen of Flowers, the rose;

And Beauty or enrobed in splendid dress

Or clad in peasant's garb is loveliness.

Taste in the balance of her judgment weighs
All that is worthy more or less of praise;
Finds in the ore of Shakspere wealth untold
By thousand Commentators, all, all Gold;
And, as if God-directed, gives the place
Unquestion'd or to Genius or to grace.
Each delicate thought, that comes like light unbid,
Brightens for Taste, no beauties from her hid:
She with one word associate feelings links,
And half imagines what the Poet thinks.
Hence from our glorious orbs we may divine,
What suns through space interminable shine.

And Taste delighted, through a fairy grove
Of flowering rhododendrons loves to rove;
Luxuriantly full, the lovely mass
Brings before fancy's eye what Eden was!

Through Poesy's bright temple, full of eyes,
Rapid in movement as Cerito, flies
Gay Faney, with her sister Fiction, they
Though wild, the laws that Taste prescribes obey.

The trees all glowing in the sunlight view!

They seem the King of Glory's retinue;

Here is Cuyp's sunny warmth, there shadows deep,

Like Poussin's, rest on distant mountain-steep;

Heaven o'er the intermediate landscape flings Her purple hue, as bright as Angel's wings. Of this variety that God creates, Each several grade Taste well discriminates. Taste in the master form of sculpture sees

All that with sense of excellence agrees

Embodied, strength, ease, beauty, life, repose:

Seldom in man this union nature shows.

Art images perfections that in Heaven

Exist, to Taste perception of them given.

A spiritual instinct, guide to good

Is Taste, 'tis Nature's law well understood.

NOTES.



## NOTES

TO

## WHAT IS TASTE?

P. 51, lines 5-8,

Through Poesy's bright temple, full of eyes, Rapid in movement as Cerito, flics Gay Fancy—

Cerito, the celebrated opera-dancer, of whom it may be truly said, that

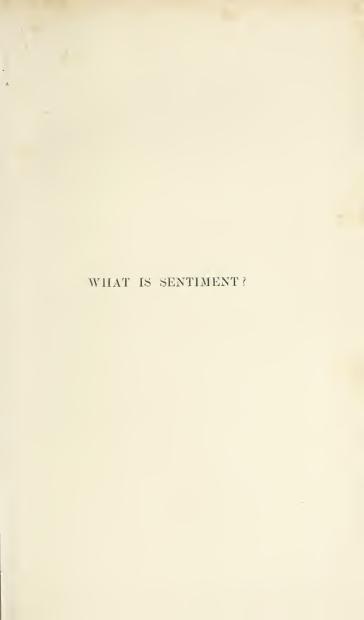
Her step is of light, her home is of air, And she only, par complaisance, touches the ground.—Moore.

P. 52, lines 5, 6.

Art images perfections that in Heaven Exist, to Taste perception of them given.

Conceiving, as men have done of angels, we can imagine an angel to be, or to possess the standard of Taste, or to feel thoroughly and perfectly every beauty that exists.—Macculloch; Proofs and Illustrations of the Attributes of God, &c., vol. iii. p. 270.

"But ye, the true children of heaven, rejoice in the living profusion of beauty. The creative essence which works and lives through all time, embraces you within the happy bounds of love; and what hovers in changeful seeming, do ye fix firm with everlasting thoughts."—(Translation of Faust.) The interpretation of this (as the translator says) is, "there being in the divine creation a ceaseless flow of beautiful phenomena, which the divine intellect fixes, as it were, by contemplation and thought."





## WHAT IS SENTIMENT?

FEELINGS, affections, on romance expended,
Active in real life, the world had mended;
This waste of virtuous sentiment we owe
To those who charm us with ideal woe.
The lights that young enthusiasts call divine,
Like gaudy flowers in putrid marshes shine.
Misery that is not by theatric glare
Set off, is beggarly, not worth our care.
Laffarge, as heroine of romance, is prized
In France; with Fauntleroy we sympathized.

In o'er-worked labour sentiment can find

Nought to lament, but weeps for woes refined;

Pities the knave, when punishment befalls

A wit, but turns from vulgar criminals.

Dull rogues may hang, but sentiment would save

Him who denounces laws he dares to brave.

Most hearts, when join'd to beauty, talent wins, Covering, it seems, a multitude of sins!

The rebel bold, who perpetrates a crime

That Scapins wonder at, has thoughts sublime!

When Sophistry a lustre gives to guilt,

Sentiment sees no crime if blood be spilt.

Glory eclipsed, devouring once as fire,

Not worth by sorrow elouded, all admire.

But do we less the spotted panther fear,

Because his spots so beautiful appear?

Pure Haller's matron woes, there 's sentiment!

Move those who ne'er the death of friends lament.

Many Sterne's story of Lefevre read,

And tearful read it, yet are harsh indeed.

Hence sentimental dames with laurels crown

Authors on whom weak moralists will frown;

And self-idolaters in drawling tone

Whine about "brethren dear," yet care for none.

As selfishness is sentiment abused,

The gentle dram for medicine is used;

In spite of self-deception, each the same

Pernicious thing with an emollient name.

Ye who recline on couches, and inhale
Perfumes, intent upon the gorgeous tale
Of Lallah Rookh, sweet ladies, think of forms
Lovely as yours, by chilling winds and storms

Bronzed and bow'd down, they ask your sympathy,
More than the Peri o'er whose woes you sigh.
While gay retainers like their masters feed,
Affect the cant of fashion, journals read,—
Ill fed, worse taught, the land an equal tills,
The ballad grudged with which he soothes his ills.

Some would all knowledge to the poor refuse,  $\Lambda$  luxury too costly for *their* use.

He who beholds with joy (the mists unroll'd)

A widening landscape beautiful and bold;

Cornfields, as Wordsworth says, like shields of gold

Dropp'd from above, green meadows, mountains, glades,

With all the interchange of lights and shades,

He feels for toiling man, whose labour rears

Much of the glittering show that there appears.

Triumphs successful art, the vast domain

Of cultivation brightens rich in grain.

And nature teaches (what but nature can?)
The noble sympathy of man with man;
Where 'mid her visible works are seen display'd
Those labouring poverty for wealth has made.
He who reads Nature's book there learns to feel
Love for his brethren, to assist them zeal.

O might the poor man of delights partake In the new Edens that he toils to make, Life's hues would then harmoniously agree With splendours we on earth around us see.

Can the poor Peasant chained to the soil,
Enjoy the charms of nature 'mid his toil?
No! his best feelings wither'd are by grief,
As shrivelled in late autumn is the leaf.
Thousands have heard no music but the clank
Of chains, seen but the walls of prison dank.

Well, well, the bondsman, be he now opprest,
Through ages after ages shall be blest:
The poorest mortals in this world that breathe
May shine like glorious angels after death;
Though by the cold side of life's mountain they
Unblest by light of joy wend on their way,
That past, for them far lovelier vales expand
Than fancy dreams to be in fairy land,—
Scenes, that in imagery to our state
On earth adapted, holy men relate.

In the rude hind what worth intreasured lics!

Material good, that nature boon supplies,

Is dross in value with the soul compared;

The noblest gifts by all alike are shared.

You gleam is partial, clouds gloom o'er the mass

Of wood, the gospel-light glads every class

Of men, to few is wealth, is honour given,
But there is no exclusive right to heaven.
Wond'rous effect of the Redeemer's love,
The more diffused, the stronger will it prove!

Picty is not sentiment nor song,

But love to do God's will, and hate of wrong.

A thousand homilies no more can teach;

These feelings to excite good pastors preach;

Too simple to adore the glittering haze

Tradition, on which mystics love to gaze.

The humble scripture-searcher prays for grace,
And has it, he shall see God face to face;
By faith assured, he in his chimney nook
Reads, and interprets well, the sacred book.
Though not on him is inspiration's light
Thrown, as on seers, faith guides the Peasant right.

Clear to his mental eye the Word of Truth

Appears, as when the world was in its youth

The Word in visions homeless Patriarchs cheer'd

With things eye never saw, ear never heard.

NOTES.



## NOTES

TO

## WHAT IS SENTIMENT?

P. 59, lines 5, 6.

The lights that young enthusiasts call divine, Like gaudy flowers in putrid marshes shine.

"So that when we look at the shining wits, poets, and philosophers of that age, they appear like gaudy flowers growing in a putrid marsh."—Foster, on Popular Ignorance.

P. 62, line 9.

He who beholds with joy (the mists unroll'd).

What soul was his, when from the naked top Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun Rise up and bathe the world in light!

WORDSWORTH; Excursion, b i.

#### P. 64, line 11.

In the rude hind what worth intreasured lies.

"Tous les corps, le firmament, les étoiles, la terre, et les royaumes, ne valent pas le moindre des esprits, car il connoit tout cela, et soi-même, et le corps rien."—Pensées de Pascal.

#### P. 65, lines 9, 10.

Too simple to adore the glittering haze Tradition, on which mystics love to gaze.

"The causes of superstitions are pleasing and sensual rites and ceremonies, excess of outward and Pharisaical holiness: overgreat reverence of traditions, which cannot but load the Church."—Bacon.





## WHAT IS TRUTH?

TRUTH is a conscious harmony between Goodness in Man, and excellence unseen, As in Apollo's form, unrivall'd shine,
The charms of Poesy and light divine!

And gifted spirits, in his proper sphere

Each mighty, Truth developes every year.

Truth, as great Bacon says, sought after, woo'd

And won, is human nature's sovereign good.

Truth is God manifest, wherever found, In worlds above us, or on earth around. As the star in the East the Magi led,
Till it stood o'er the infant Saviour's head,
The Lights of Knowledge thus inquirers lead
Onward, till they behold Truth's form indeed.

He, who ambitions to seek Truth's abode,
Must not delay, nor falter on his road;
Nor stoop for toys of fancy glittering near,
But rapidly move on in his career.

As in the world pass-words of error may
Inflict more evil than a tyrant's sway,
They who before our eyes Truth's mirror bring,
Outshine in doing good a patriot king.

That mirror they must gradually unveil,
Lest men, beholding there bright thoughts, grow pale
At their too sudden splendour, turn away,
And used to twilight, fly the burst of day.

Hence Truth must be attemper'd to our sight,
As through humanity the Light of Light.

Preached to the slave the rights of man awake
Madness in man, and social order shake.
If unprepared by culture be the soil,
To sow the seed is but a bootless toil.
Hence Turgot's wisdom, far too premature
For France, could not his master's throne secure.

Philosophy a many-sided view
Of things on earth may take—yet not the true;
The garb of Truth since specious errors wear,
Why marvel we that men mistrustful are?
But Truth once proved, the uses will explain
Of what might seem anomalous or vain;
As of a puzzle, when you find the key,
Parts that appear'd incongruous, agree.

On slight analogies we often build

Systems imagination loves to gild;

Ixion thus a goddess would embrace,

And witless grasp'd a cloud that fill'd her place.

Truth is not here omnipotent, we err
With schoolmen, and blind guides to Truth prefer,
Opinion, custom, prejudice, and pride,
And low class-interests thought obscure beside.
More knowledge one new sense to man would give,
Than seers who ever lived, may ever live;
Even though another Shakspere might appear,
The world fatigued by mystic bards to cheer.

As Damocles beheld above his head

A sword suspended by a single thread,

For ever burns the bigot's fiery wrath

Near him who dares to quit thought's beaten path.

'Tis a hard task that which we learn'd in youth To disbelieve, to search anew for truth; 'Tis a hard task to disenchant the mind Of charms, that it in age to habit bind.

Few, like Canova when before his view Light came from Greece, would learn their art anew. E'en when the scales have fallen from his eyes, Small light the seer illumed to man supplies. The mist of prejudice, that earth exhales, The mind o'erclouding, long, too long prevails.

Woman who writes with feeling argues best,
Her words with truthful energy exprest;
The thunderbolt of Truth, by woman hurl'd,
Struck from his throne the master of a world!
A great example of what has been done
By those on whom the sun of genius shone.

"He hath a Devil," loudly cries self-love,'
Who dares to censure that which we approve;
Ominous we, as writing on the wall
Smote the great king's the firmest heart appal.

Though fresh streams from the fount of science flow,
When all is learned how little do we know!
Who have, how through sensorial organ, mind
Is acted on by matter, e'er divined?
Who, the fine boundary-lines that lie between
Attraction and repulsion, e'er have seen?
What is the nervous system? who discerns
Its nature, who its operation learns?

Truth in the natural world is shown by facts;
In things divine, through faith on mind she acts.
No oracles of sense may supersede
By reasoning, faith, through grace is felt her creed.

Affection, charity, are given by grace

To faith, unerringly they Truth embrace.

Thou vesper light to this our wintry day

Of ignorance, still, still on us thy ray

Emit, most glorious Truth, the time will come

When we shall view thee in thy sun-like home;

And bright'ning with thy crescent light shall know

More, more,—as infinite ages onward flow.



NOTES.



## NOTES

TO

## WHAT IS TRUTH?

P. 73, line 7.

Truth, as great Bacon says, sought after, woo'd.

"Truth which only doth judge itself teaches that, the enquiry of Truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it—the knowledge of Truth, which is the presence of it—and the belief of Truth, which is the enjoying of it—is the sovereign good of human nature."—Bacon's Essay on Truth.

### P. 74, line 13.

That mirror they must gradually unveil.

"The subjection of the soul to former usage, till roused by circumstances of more than common energy, is like the *inertia* that retains bodies in the state in which they happen to be, till some foreign force operate to suspend their motion or rest.

And it is well upon the whole, in the great concerns of life those which relate not to speculative science but to the direct happiness of nations—this intellectual inertia subsists. The difficulty of moving the multitude, though it may often be the unfortunate cause of preventing benefits which they might readily receive, still has the important advantage of allowing time for reflection before their force, which is equally irresistible for their self-destruction as for their preservation, could be turned to operate greatly to their own prejudice. The restless passions of the individual innovator, Man, thus finds an adequate check in the general principles of mankind. The same power who has balanced the causes of action and repose in the material world, has mingled them with equal skill in the intellectual; and in the one as much as in the other, the very irregularities that seem at first sight to lead to the destruction of that beautiful system of which they are a part, are found to have in themselves the cause that leads them again from apparent confusion into harmony and order." -Brown's "Philosophy of the Human Mind," vol. ii. p. 413. See also Adam Smith's "Moral Sentiments," vol. ii. p. 110.

#### P. 75, line 7.

Hence Turgot's wisdom, far too premature.

See Professor Smyth's "Lectures on the French Revolution," vol. i. p. 100.

#### P. 76, lines 1, 2,

On slight analogies we often build Systems...

"In all the sciences there are many volumes that teach little, as there is a conventional language which passes for knowledge, encumbering, not enlightening, him who desires to understand and know in what knowledge consists."—Maccalloch.

"It would be easy to form theories referring the action of blood impregnated with nitrous oxide, to its power of supplying the nervous and muscular fibre with such proportions of condensed nitrogen, oxygen, and light, or etherial fluid, as enabled them more rapidly to pass through those changes which constitute their life; but such theories would be only collections of terms derived from known phenomena, and applied by loose analogies of language to unknown things."

—Sir Humphry Davy's Works, vol. iii. p. 267.

#### P. 76, line 12.

The world faligued by mystic bards-

These geniuses are like planetary nebulae—hollow, emitting light only from their surfaces.

P. 77, lines 5, 6,

Few, like Canova when before his view Light came from Greece, would tearn their art anew.

When Canova viewed the Elgin Marbles, in the British Museum, he declared, that he had to learn his Art anew.

P. 77, lines 13, 14.

The thunderbolt of truth by woman hurl'd, Struck from his throne the master of a world.

Madame de Staël, it is said, wrote the celebrated manifesto of Bernadotte that roused the nations of Europe against the tyranny of Napoleon, and finally caused the overthrow of his colossal Power.

P. 78, lines 15, 16.

No oracles of sense may supersede
By reasoning, faith—

"Those who consider reason not the hand-maid but the mistress of religion, totally mistake both her office and her power. They plunge at once into the depths of error. They do not consider that reason is only perception and judgment, that perception is much limited in regard to many of the phenomena of nature, and that judgment, in reference to many objects on earth, thus with difficulty perceived, is often defeated, and much embarrassed, in deciding on the force of different kinds and degrees of evidence—'but the things which are in heaven, who hath searched out?'"—Tatham's "Chart and Scale of Truth," vol. ii. p. 49.





# THE MILLENNIUM.

When Prefects shall with equal measure mete
Justice to all, plebeian, or élite;
When France shall be ingenuous, nor pretend
A zeal for national honour as the end
Of Pacha-loving policy, and feel
A love, new-born indeed, for Europe's weal;
When men shall individually become
That which they laud collectively, at home;
When Schoolmen fallible, who deprecate
Infallibility in those they hate,

Shall cease of language to assume a tone
Imperative, that suits a Pope alone;
When Authors, without bias, truth shall woo,
And having won, support her nobly too;
When Poland shall be integral and free;
Then Saints may the Millennium hope to see.





## NAPOLEON.

"In none of his arrangements did Napoleon think of securing to his cause the attachment of nations. Astonishment, awe, and force were his weapons, and his own great name the chosen pillar of his throne."—Channing.

What has he done, great man, for France,

Has he her mind sought to advance,

To cherish ought but lust of strife?

The "fire-eyed maid of smoking war"

His Goddess was, and to her car

Yoked the foul fiends that trouble life.

Millions on battle-field lay gory,

That France might cover'd be with glory.

Shaker of many an o'er-rank state,

He could destroy but not create:

Though Monarchs in his presence quail'd,—

No institutions free he gave

To Nations, none sought he to save

By neighbour-tyrants when assail'd.

Chivalrous aid to suffering man

Was no part of his selfish plan.

His power that soon colossal grew
Through fear, opinion overthrew,
When arm'd its terrors to oppose:
It had not in the social frame
Permanent place, since none became
Wiser or happier as it rose:
To renovated states allied
It might have stood, and worlds defied.

Dec. 15, 1840.

NOTES.



## NOTES TO NAPOLEON.

## P. 93, line 4.

The "fire-eyed maid of smoking war."
Shakspeare.

# P. 94, line 1.

Shaker of many an o'er-rank state.

Oh, great corrector of enormous times, Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou great decider Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world O' th' pleurisy of people.

" Two Noble Kinsmen," by Fletcher and Shakspeare.



# " SINCE FIRST I GAZED UPON THIS PLAIN,"



# "SINCE FIRST I GAZED UPON THIS PLAIN."

ı.

Days, weeks, and years have quickly past,
Since first I gazed upon this plain;
And now the time's approaching fast
When I shall ne'er "look on 't again."

11.

And cattle that have daily fed,

Successive generations, there

Have been devour'd—men have bled

On battle field, and died elsewhere.

HI.

While some have trifled life away, Poetic flowers gaily wreathing; Others have through their little day Raved, slaughter against Christians breathing.

IV.

Warrior, and Sage who seem'd to think, Old truths as new with pomp inditing; One spilling blood, the other ink-Have uselessly been scribbling, fighting.

ν.

New Shepherds have o'erlook'd new flocks, Crowns have been won, lost, won again; And Bramah has contrived new locks Since first I gazed upon this plain:

VI.

Its verdant carpet by the sun

Oft brighten'd, is embrown'd by clouds:

Children of enterprise and fun

The darkness of the grave enshrouds.

VII.

Into a thousand forms I'd shape

The mists that there at night-fall rose;

Napoleon—Cribb—the giant, ape—

Nature's abortions, men of blows.

viii.

Though the clear sky has often given
Unwonted clearness to the mind;
Thoughts, as the thistle down is driven,
Are scattered by a blighting wind.

ıx.

We hurry on with railway speed; In railroads there is "something new." We build, we plant, we laugh, we read, Then sicken, and to life adieu.





#### NOTES

TO

#### "SINCE FIRST I GAZED UPON THIS PLAIN."

P. 102, line 6,

Old truths as new with pomp inditing.

"We," says Swift, "whom the world is pleased to honour with the title of *modern Authors*, should never have been able to compass our great design of an everlasting remembrance, and never-dying fame, if our endeavour had not been so highly serviceable to the general good of mankind."

This sarcasm is as applicable now to the self-laudatory cackling of authors.

P. 103, lines 5, 6.

Into a thousand forms I'd shape
The mists that there at night-fall rose.

And while the mists

Flying and rainy vapours, call out shapes

And phantoms from the craigs and solid earth.

Wordsworth-







#### THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING.

ı,

ALL, all is Poetry around;

How merrily the rivers flow!

Favonius has the Earth unbound,

With health renew'd she seems to glow.

11.

And, Dian-like, comes beauty forth,

Her ringlets in the gentle wind

Dancing, less joyously from earth

Upsprings the lark when heaven is kind,

111.

Than beauty bounds the lawn along,

Brilliant as is the genial light;

She carols forth her favourite song,

Expressive of her heart's delight.

ıv.

And streamlets from the rock leap out,

Musical, sparkling, light, and life:

And birds within the woods, without,

Outbreast each other in tuneful strife.

v.

And mirth full of vitalities,

Leading up Flora in her prime,

Sportive as childhood runs or flies—

Yes, Spring is come, it is spring-time.

vi.

And Sport, a youth untiring, brown
With exercise, comes rushing by—
And Pleasure with her vernal crown,
Sweet flower herself, is flushing night.

VII.

E'en Ease, the languid maid, looks gay,

So fresh'ning is the balmy air:

So clear is the life-giving day,

It smooths, like Love, the brow of care.

VIII.

Lambkins are frisking in the sun,

Wild deer are bounding thro' the glades,

And children o'er the meadows run:

One soul of joy the world pervades.

I

IX.

The uplands green, the uplands green,
Save where along distinctly cast
Shadows of giant oaks are seen,
Brighten around, luxuriant, vast.

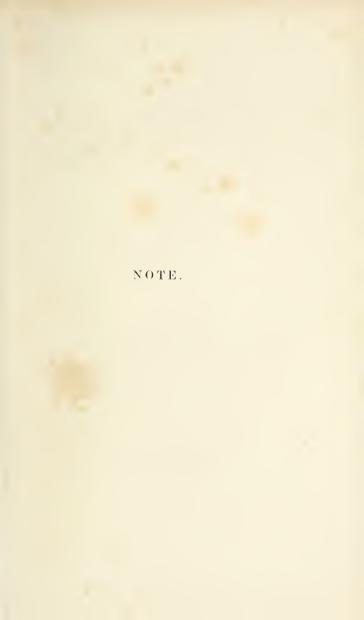
х.

There graceful Ariels, fancy-born,

Might love the vernal air to breatne;

And Hebes, blooming as the morn,

Might garland-wise the gay dance wreath.





#### NOTE

TO

## THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING

P. 112, line 8.
Outbreast each other—

#### I have heard

Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o'th' night
With their contentious notes; now one the higher,
Anon the other, then, again the first
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between.

"Two Noble Kinsmen," by Fletcher und Shakspeare, act v. sceneiii.

THE END.

TONDON.

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